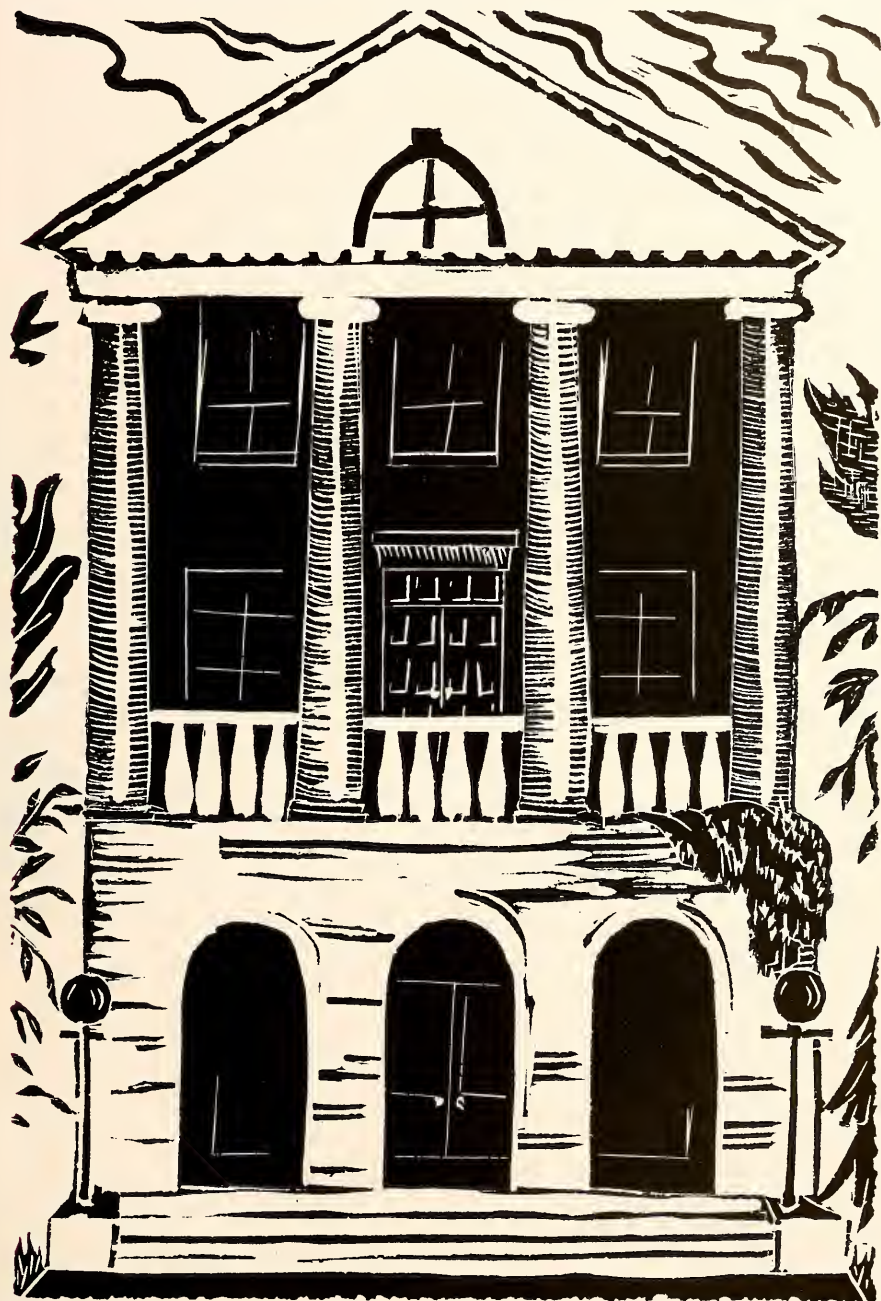


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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. X

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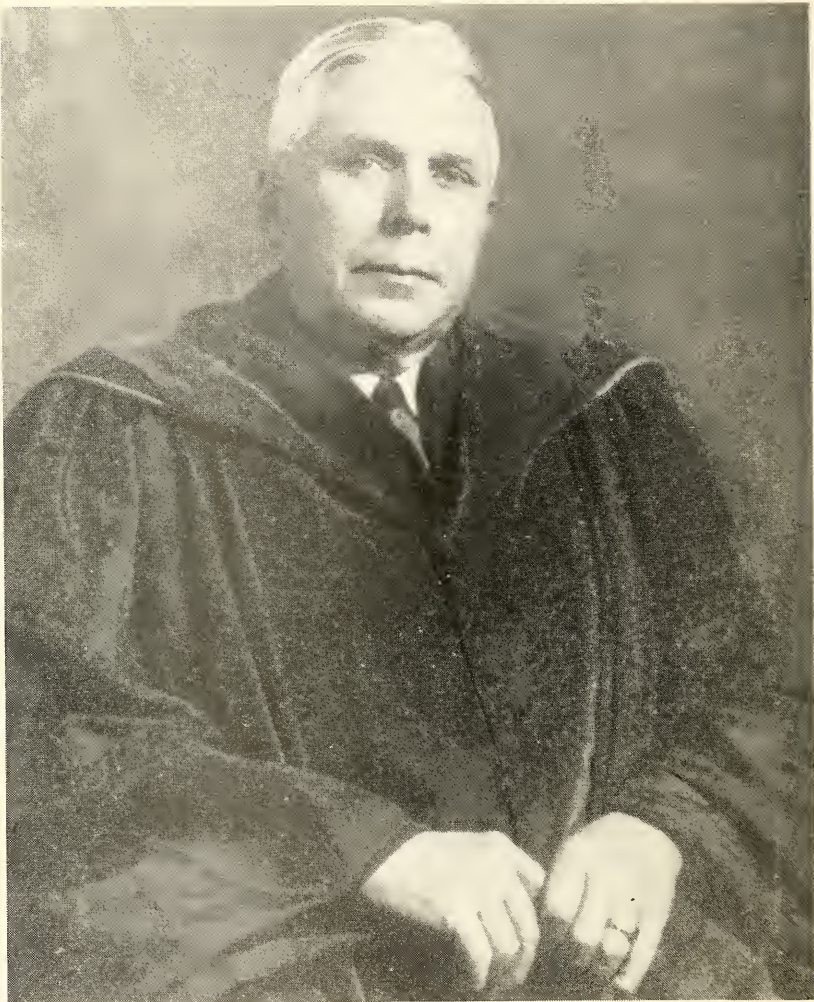
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DR. JOSEPH LEONARD JARMAN

"I Shall Not See His Like Again"

JACQUELINE EAGLE, '50

ON what would have been Dr. Joseph L. Jarman's eightieth birthday, had he not so recently been taken from us, a saddened student body and faculty of State Teachers College held a memorial service for their beloved late president. At this service Mr. James M. Grainger, senior member of the faculty, delivered an address which beautifully summarized Dr. Jarman's greatness, making his spirit vital to even the newer students, who had been denied the privilege of knowing Dr. Jarman.

Mr. Grainger began his memorable eulogy with the words Hamlet used to describe his father:

"He was a man, take him all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

By his words and by the emotion which often caused his voice to falter, Mr. Grainger showed how appropriate this quotation was to Dr. Jarman. He described Dr. Jarman thus: "A man of medium height and strong physique, conservative in dress and always immaculate, he observed the happy mean in all things. His keen grey eyes and generous sensitive mouth expressed kindly and tolerant interest in everybody around him as his mind moved deftly from one to another. He had a ready and winning smile, and his voice, kept strong and disciplined by singing until he was well past seventy, was always gentle and agreeable. His greying hair turned silvery white as by reason of strength and temperate living, he approached his final four score. He had the long slender hands of an artist, and through many years one hand usually held a good cigar which, forgotten in conversation or conference, often had to be relighted. But it spread around him and down the halls its pleasant aroma which "his girls" loved because it told them that he was there. In the lapel of his dark coat he frequently wore a red rose—so frequently that to his girls it became a symbol of the way he felt

toward them, and on his birthday for many years they placed on his desk a bouquet of red roses. So the massive blanket of red roses laid on his grave last Monday afternoon bespoke for the last time the affection which had been piling up through all the years and had been expressed so often with red roses.

"Dr. Jarman disliked being called an idealist," said Mr. Grainger, "but he was a practical idealist, though suspicious of philosophy and wary of generalities and abstractions which could not be expressed in concrete form. One of his favorite sayings was 'Practice by the case', and particularly where a human factor existed, his judgments leaned toward kindness and mercy. In judging students, mere records as such meant little to him. The good of the individual student was everything. Tolerant and helpful, 'his whole life was built around goodness and kindness.'"

Mr. Grainger showed how the Farmville keyword, "cooperation", was embodied in Dr. Jarman—how this same spirit coupled with kindly wisdom and determination made him a vital force in civic as well as school affairs. "Cooperation was the key word in the Farmville code—cooperation as Dr. Jarman urged it upon the faculty and the students through the many years of his presidency. He found inspiration for it in the New Testament, and he passed it on in his favorite chapel readings.

Weary not in well doing

Ye are all members of one body

Neglect not the gathering of yourselves together

Judge not

Live peaceably

Whatsoever things are true, . . . think on these things

Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free

Continued on page 17

JALOUSIE

QUIDA POTEAT, '51

RANDY SHERIDAN, Bill Jackson, and Tommy Drummond stood on the corner waiting for their bus. They were just going home from an after-school session of basketball practice.

"Say Bill, what was that you were saying about my being out of chemistry today?"

"Oh brother! you really missed something. A new girl came in, and she is a knockout. Man alive!"

"Now I see why you couldn't hit a goal this evening, Bill. You and your women," grumbled Randy.

"Why don't you drop dead?" replied Bill with a grin.

"Say before you two guys fight," broke in Tommy, the peacemaker, "take a look at the green convertible. Man, what a smooth baby!"

"Hey, that's the girl I was talking about; I saw her when she left school this evening."

"Look's as if she's going to stop."

Sure enough the girl brought the car to a stop in front of the boys. She was, to repeat Bill's term, a knockout. The top of the convertible was down, and the girl wore a triangle of yellow silk to hold her chestnut-brown hair in place. The scarf matched exactly her long-sleeved yellow blouse. A bright green skirt completed her outfit. She flashed white teeth in a smile. "Can you tell me where Columbia Avenue is?" she asked with a slight trace of a southern drawl. "I seem to be somewhat turned around. I'm new here."

"Why yes," answered Bill, "It's only a couple of blocks from where I live. It's—"

"Well if it's that close to your home, maybe you will get in and show me the way. All of you who are going in that direction, come on and get in, won't you?"

The boys needed no second invitation.

As they rode along, the girl introduced herself.

"My whole name is Laura Scott Jordan, but that's just too much for my friends; so most of them call me Scottie. I hope you will call me that."

In a short time, Scottie let the boys out at their corner and she went on according to their directions.

"Gee, that car is one smooth baby," said Randy. "Wish I could drive it sometime."

"Talk about me and my women," replied Bill, "I'll bet you count cars instead of sheep when you want to go to sleep."

"Oh, will you two kindly shut up," sighed Tommy wearily.

Now to tell you a bit about the inseparable trio—Bill, Tommy, and Randy. They had been going around together ever since they had started to grammar school. Now they were seniors at Cedar Rapids High School. Bill was tall and slim. His dark hair and blue eyes made him very attractive-looking to all the girls. He pretended to be quite a wolf, much to Randy Sheridan's disgust.

Randy, on the other hand, was considered a woman hater. He also was tall and slim, but he had curly blond hair and brown eyes. The girls of Cedar Rapids had long ago learned that there was no use trying to impress Randy. He had much rather take somebody's old jalopy to pieces and put it together again than take the prettiest girl in town to a dance or to the movies. He was the sighed for, but unobtainable.

Tommy, with his Irish red hair and green eyes acted as referee when the other two argued over the qualities of girls and cars.

One day Bill and Tommy were greatly surprised, for lo and behold there was Randy, the woman hater, riding right by

Please turn page

JALOUSIE



Oh. Randy, stop for just a minute, it's so peaceful down here . . . I like to come down here once in a while and just sit and think.

the "Scoop Center" in Scottie's convertible. Moreover, Scottie was on the seat beside him! Both Randy and Scottie had stayed after school that afternoon to review some chemistry equations.

"Well, what do you think of that? I thought the guy hated women!" exclaimed Bill.

Had the two seen their friend, Randy, at that moment they would have indeed been astounded. He was carrying Scottie in his arms up the steps of her home. He carried her inside the house and deposited her gently on the sofa.

"Think you'll be all right now?" he asked.

"Oh yes indeed, I'm sorry to have been so much trouble. Thank you ever so much. It was such a clumsy thing to do."

"Oh I didn't mind at all. That was a pretty nasty fall. I hope your ankle will be better by morning."

"I think it will. The doctor made a pretty good job of taping it up. I hope I haven't caused you too much trouble. Maybe this"—she pointed to her swollen ankle—"will teach me to be more careful."

"Well, if there is nothing more that I can do, I'll see you in the morning."

"Goodbye."

The moment Randy came in sight of the bus stop next morning, Bill yelled,

"Hi there, Romeo."

Randy flushed beneath his tan.

"Romeo?" he said innocently, raising a questioning eyebrow.

"Oh, come now my dear, Mr. Sheridan."

Bill teased, "You know very well what I'm talking about. Did you enjoy your little ride yesterday?"

"What ride?"

"As if you didn't know! I guess Scottie Jordan has forgotten about it, too."

"Oh that," said Randy, as if he had carried girls home every day of his seventeen years. "Scottie fell and sprained her ankle, and I merely took her home."

"Yeah. That's your story, Romeo."

Further argument was stopped by the arrival of the bus.

A few afternoons later, the same inseparable trio sat in the back booth in the "Scoop Center," eating assorted varieties of

goo. Across the dance floor was a pert little blonde in a sloppy Joe sweater, a plaid skirt, and rundown saddle shoes.

"Hi fellows," she yelled. Holding a dish of ice cream in one hand and a coke in the other, she threaded her way across to their booth.

"Oh brother," she said. "that Jordan girl in chemistry is sure a hot number. I sure wish I had clothes like hers. And man, that convertible! Her old man must be made out of money."

"Pipe down, Peg, here she comes now," warned Tommy. Scottie walked over to the booth. Tommy and Randy moved over to make room for her, and she sat down. Soon a gay conversation was buzzing. All except Randy entered into it. He sat silently comparing the two girls.

Scottie was wearing a rose blouse with a black skirt. Her hair was brushed smoothly under. In every way, she was a contrast to Peg with her sloppy outfit and windblown blonde hair.

As they sat around talking, a tall black-haired boy carrying a guitar came over to the booth. He introduced himself as Lucky Dean. In an amazingly short time, the juke box stopped, and all the boys and girls began to beg Lucky for a song. Lucky readily complied with their requests. He had a good voice and an engaging manner. Peg and the three boys, Tommy, Bill, and Randy, joined with him in some of the songs. They sang until Peg said that she had to go home to supper. Then the singing ceased and the crowd drifted away.

It was Saturday morning nearly a week later when Scottie strolled into the "Scoop Center" to find the trio disconsolently sipping sodas. The sunny smile on her lips faded instantly.

"Hi Scottie," said Bill glumly.

"What's wrong? You three look as if you were completely miserable. What's up?"

"We are miserable," answered Tommy. "Lucky Dean is in jail."

"In jail! What ever for?" exclaimed Scottie.

"The cops picked him up last night for

Continued on page 19



Wonderin'

BETTY SPINDLER, '49

FIRST PRIZE IN POETRY CONTEST

I wonder if you've noticed too
That summer skies seem twice as blue,
That the mocking bird sings twice as long—
As though he were twelve birds in song—
Whenever I go out with you.

I wonder if you've noticed too
That always when I walk with you
The people smile as if to say—
"We're glad to see them pass this way.
Remember when our love was new?"

I tell myself the sky's the same
As it always was before you came
That mocking birds were full of song
Years before you came along.
I wonder if it is a game?

I *know* the sky is twice as blue
Now that I'm in love with you,
And life is full the whole day long
With lovely things and bursts of song.
I wonder if you've noticed too?



JAMOKE

HAROLD T. GRIFFIN, JR., '51

IT happened during the late war when I, as a Yeoman in the Navy, was stationed at the Receiving Station in Norfolk, Virginia. Somehow, as I think back about the incident, now, I have to laugh about it, but not so then. For in the Navy one just doesn't "clamp down" gold braid with Jamoke, without paying heavily.

For those who are not familiar with Navy habits and customs I will say that coffee-drinking, or the "grabbing" of a cup of Jamoke as they say in the Navy, is seem-

ingly an essential part of the daily routine. It is a common practice to drink as many as eight or nine cups a day of this amber colored steaming liquid—sometimes almost black—in addition to several cups taken at meals. I know this is true. For I used to drink that many myself, and I was only a "boot".

I had just got to the office that beautiful, crisp, sunny morning in early April, and as usual I made a dash for the coffee urn in the rear of the office. To my dismay



I discovered that all the cups had been used. Instead of taking time to wash a cup, I merely filled one over half full of the superheated Jamoke, went to the window and gave the contents a heave. I knew full well that there was a walk-way below, but I gave the cup such a vigorous heave that I supposed the contents would carry clear. But, I was wrong. I had transgressed the first rule of sailing: "Never belay a sheet and never spit to windward." I had heaved that Jamoke to windward. Ordinarily this wouldn't have been such a terrible transgression. But the commander was passing beneath the window. He was all sparkling and resplendent in his freshly pressed uniform, immaculate white cap cover setting off the golden oak leaves which bedecked the black visor. His shoes shone like beautifully polished ebony, and I was not aware that anything unusual had occurred until approximately ten minutes later. Then the Legal Officer came hobbling into the office. He was a jovial, good-natured, red-faced Irishman of about middle age, just a little puffy amidships, and under his eyes; but now his face was grave and stern—too stern to seem natural.

"All right! Who done it?" he inquired, as he gazed intently at the Civil Service girls sitting by the window. They cast glances of inquiry at each other. I, by this time, was busily engrossed in setting my desk in order and "knocking out" some back work on my Underwood. Suddenly I caught the question, "Who threw that cup of coffee all over the Commander?" I paused in the middle of a stroke. At that moment my blood seemed to stop circulating, my hands grew cold and clammy, and I felt like beating a hasty retreat in the direction of the Sick Bay. I turned in my swivel chair, and heard in consternation a detailed account of the tragic occurrence. The Commander had been on his way to a meeting of the General Court Martial Board at the Fifth Naval District. Afterwards he was to act as Pallbearer at the funeral of one of the recently deceased members of the Board; and now all drenched with coffee, he did not have time to change his uniform. I knew then that I was in for a bad time. Facing the Legal Officer, I said, "I did it,

Sir." He seemed to hesitate, but I knew at that very moment, I was face to face with destiny.

I was on shore duty, and in the Navy being on shore duty is a privilege. Clearly at that moment, I could hear the far off din of battle, coming nearer, ever nearer. Not that I was afraid to go to sea, but I had come to regard my environment as almost homelike. And who in his right mind truly likes to desert his cozy hearthstone?

I was ordered into the Legal Officer's Office and promptly I snapped to attention in front of his desk. He sat gazing intently at me as if he were timing my pulse by watching the pulsation of the glands in my neck. His voice had lost the warmth that I once knew. I rasped like a file being dragged over the edge of a piece of sheet metal. On either side of the office, along the bulkhead, the junior officers were seated. While the Legal Officer was stating the hard facts, the junior officers were bending double with laughter. I overheard one officer say to another, "You should have seen him when he got it in the face. I was standing by the window and it was really comical. The old man stopped dead in his tracks, took off his cap, swore a profound oath, and did an about-face in a split second. He literally flew through the door and up the steps." The other added, "You should have seen him when he came flying into the office. He was so angry that he could hardly speak. His face was purple with rage, and for a few seconds, he was winded and speechless, but he swore vengeance on the culprit. While he was relating the incident to the Legal Officer, he was wiping the coffee from his face, his blouse, his cap, and his shoes."

Then the Legal Officer spoke out: "Well, what have you to say for yourself?" I expressed my deepest regrets and tried to explain, but before I could render a satisfactory explanation, I was interrupted with: "Didn't you know better?" "Why did you do it?" "Speak up!" I was in despair, and I could imagine myself being reduced in rating and all sorts of terrible things. After standing at attention and being ques-

A Tribute to Dr. J. L. Jarman

VIRGINIA TINDALL, '48

*It seems to us but yesterday you brightened every life;
You brought along the sunshine and settled much of strife.
It seems to us but yesterday our eyes beheld your own,
And you were grand and regal like a King upon a throne.*

*And though the years may come and go throughout eternity,
We'll still remember all the things that you have made us see.
And in another thousand years, know still that we have sought
To remember all the worlds of joy that knowing you has brought.**

ON Saturday afternoon, November 15, 1947, the passing of Dr. J. L. Jarman saddened the hearts of the student body and of the thousands of Farmville alumnae who had been "his girls".

Not one of us can ever forget the profound influence he has had on our own lives. A throng of devoted girls singing "What's the matter with Jarman," a red rose bud in the lapel of a blue serge suit, a strong voice lifted in "Keep on Hopin'," a hoary head bowed in reverence as he prayed that faith, hope, and charity would abide with us are pictures that will live in our hearts always. In him we saw a man whose life had reached a golden peak—a peak many dream of but few attain.

At the time of his death, we mourned our loss, and we paid our tributes as best we could. But tributes to such a man as Dr. Jarman will be paid over and over again by

"his girls", because they cannot forget.

The last time Dr. Jarman was on our platform, he said once again to us in his low, musical voice, "Be the best of whatever you are." And then with a fatherly tenderness, he added,

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

To pay to Dr. Jarman the type of tribute he would have us pay is to be the best of whatever we are—to think on things that are true and honest, just and lovely. But to fail in these things is to betray him and the spirit of Farmville that he created.

* Adapted from a poem by Nat. L. Royster.

Solitude

MARTHA SMITH, '51

Sccond Prize in Poetry Contest

I sat and watched the swirling sea,
And as I did peace came to me.

For all my thoughts which hid inside
Were rushing out to join the tide.

And things that preyed upon my mind
Released themselves. And I did find

A sort of lull that brought to me
The hopes of building harmony.

It was as though the tide were there
To wash away my deepest care.

It carried out my shattered soul
And brought it back, refreshed and whole.

They Didn't Know Her

JACQUELINE BURKHOLDER, '49

THE little Baptist Church on the corner of Main Street was filled to its capacity the night that Katie Bradford became the bride of Peter Norton. I was only twelve years old, but I can remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. Miss Bradford was in her long flowing bridal outfit, which had once been her mother's, and Peter, handsome and as dashing as ever in his dark suit, smiled affectionately at his lovely bride as they marched down the aisle. I can still hear the whispers of a lady who sat behind me,

"Aren't they just made for each other? I just know they'll be the happiest couple in town."

Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Norton were a devoted couple. No one knew that any better than I.

Ever since Mrs. Norton had taught me in grammar school, I had been deeply attached to her. Mrs. Norton was the kindest and loveliest woman that I had ever known. When Peter Norton began to court her, I became green with jealousy. I loved her with a possessive sort of love. In a way, I had set her up as an ideal to be worshipped—but by me only. But soon Peter, too, won a place in my heart. Since the Nortons lived on the hill beyond my home, I often dropped in at night to make fudge, pop corn, or play checkers with them. Never before had I seen two people quite so happy as they were.

The Nortons were known all over our small community for their work in the church, their participation in welfare work or in anything that they were asked to do. Every Sunday morning they could be seen walking hand in hand to church. I often watched the look of complete satisfaction and admiration on Peter's face as his wife played the piano, sang, and conducted her Sunday School class. I, too, watched her,

and hoped with all my child-heart that some day I could become just like her.

But as the years passed, all of this changed. In place of the myriad flowers that used to brighten the beds on the lawn, there was a thick growth of weeds, all dead and brown, and the lawn was littered with leaves and trash. The whole place looked gloomy and deserted.

Peter Norton no longer hurried home from work and dashed into the arms of his wife as she opened the door to greet him. Instead, just after dark each evening, his huddled form staggered up the hill and fell on the walkway before he reached the door. And theirs was the home that had had the name of being the happiest home in the community!

I had stopped going to the Norton's to laugh, talk, pull taffy, and play cards. And I wanted to close my ears and heart to the gossip that was continuously on the lips of the neighbors. One day I overheard a conversation between Jed Turner and John Newton as they loafed their time away by sitting around the fire in Tom Colby's store.

"Wonder what has happened to Peter Norton," said John Newton. "Spike Brown says that he hangs around Nick Carter's Beer Parlor and slops beer all the time. They say he's done quit work, and his wife's teaching school to support him."

"Can't figure it out myself," replied Jed Turner as he sent a stream of tobacco juice to the floor and shifted his tobacco to his other jaw. "Pete used to be a pretty decent sort of fellow. Went to church every Sunday."

"Some folks say he got mixed up with that gambler, Nick Carter. They say he got in a poker game and lost a whole lot of money," Jed added. "I hear he beats up his wife for pastime. Something oughta be done about people like that. Why, I've

known little Katie Bradford all my life, and she always was the best and the prettiest little thing in this here country."

Yes, the rumors were all true. One day I dropped in at Mrs. Norton's on my way to do an errand for Mother. My heart went out to her as she told how much Peter had been drinking.

"I tried to tell Peter," she said, "what he was getting himself into, but he wouldn't listen. Nick is no good. I hate to see Peter ruined by him. Oh, my child, you can never know what I go through with when Peter comes home drunk! Sometimes I'm afraid he'll kill me. But what can I do?" she said hopelessly.

At this Mrs. Norton broke off—"And to think how he used to be! Then there was nothing in this world he wouldn't do for me!"

Three months later, the storm broke. Nick Carter was found in his dirty two-by-four office in the back of the beer parlor with a bullet in his heart. The whole town was in an uproar with police investigations and inquiries to find out his murderer. The next night Mrs. Norton asked me over to play cards with her and Peter. I thought this rather strange, for she hadn't invited me since Peter started his heavy drinking. After much deliberation, I accepted the invitation. Peter was perfectly sober that night; moreover, he made an attempt to be his old chivalrous self. And Mrs. Norton tried to be her old happy self. But I could see that it was all pretense with both of them. Somehow I felt that they were trying to cover up something. For some mysterious reason, the incident of Nick Carter's murder flashed through my mind, but I dismissed it as quickly as it came. I was just getting ready to leave when a knock came at the door. Mrs. Norton's eyes shot a look at Peter, who was sitting quite still, his face as immobile as granite. Mrs. Nor-

ton opened the door. Somehow the sight of the bulky figure of Sheriff Waller did not surprise me. Had I been subconsciously listening for his knock? And had Peter and Mrs. Norton?

"I hope I ain't intruding, Mrs. Norton," the sheriff said as he whipped off his old slouch hat with an air of gallantry.

"Oh, no, we've just finished a game of cards. Won't you come in?" Mrs. Norton asked in her clear, well-modulated voice. She showed no hint of excitement or fright.

"Wall, as between friends—an' you both is my friends—I hope thar ain't a particle of truth in the charge; but Nick Carter was found dead, as you all know. And I've got to do a little investigating. I wondered if Pete could come down to headquarters and sort of give me a little information since he and Nick were buddies."

By the time the sheriff finished speaking, Peter had jumped into his jacket and was standing alert.

Without further ado, Peter Norton coldly announced himself the murderer. But he refused to commit himself further. If it had not been for Charlie Thomason, Peter would have been electrocuted. Charlie had known all along the love affair between Nick and Katie Norton. Just before the murder he was in the barroom and overheard the quarrel between Peter and Nick. Peter refused to consent to give Katie her freedom, and Nick drew a gun upon him. In self defense Peter shot Nick through the heart. Peter begged Charlie not to drag Katie's name into court, but Charlie could not stand to see his friend sent to the electric chair.

Katie Norton left Jordansville soon after Peter was sent to serve his term in the state prison for second-degree murder. She couldn't face the people who had given her a good name.

Just Fo

BeBe Geyer: I once painted something that was hung here.

B. J. W.: Really, where?

BeBe: Near an entrance where everyone could see it!

Barbara Jean: Congrats, what was it?

BeBe: A sign saying Jr. Building—Rooms 1-22!



Red 'n White: You mean your kid brother plays the violin like Spalding?

Green 'n White: Sure, under his chin!



A city bred gal was entranced by her first visit to her roomie's old family farm. Out exploring by herself, she found several milkbottles in the grass.

Rushing back to the house, she gushed: "Hey, Snapp, I just found a cow's nest!"



Gee Gee (twisting the radio dial and feeling a sudden sharp pain in her back)

"Oh, I think I'm getting lumbago!"

Betsy Scott (always the wit) "Don't listen, you won't be able to understand a word of it."



S.T.C.'er: Can you give me a room and a bath?

Clerk: I can give you the room, Miss but you'll have to take your own bath.



Meditative Sophomore: What do you think the poet meant when he said, "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen?"

Freshest of Freshmen: S. T. C. hash!



Laughs

48

"Oh, yes," said a gal from a FFV proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to-to-well, I don't know exactly who, but we've been descending for generations!"

—♦♦♦—

Mrs. Warren, checking rooms, found a cigarette duck on the floor, pointed to it and said:

"Miss - - - -, is this yours?"

"No, indeed, Ma'am," said the Jaunty Jr. (pleasantly), "you saw it first."

—♦♦♦—

Senior: (at 5 and 10 candy counter)
Who waits on the nuts?

Clerk: Just a minute, I'll be right with you.

—♦♦♦—

Again the trials of student teaching!

Pupil: (to student business teacher following a rapid dictation)

I have a question, Miss Tuck: What did you say between Dear Sir and Sincerely?

—♦♦♦—

Still on the subject of food! We heard a H.-S. lad at one of the local eating places complain that the coffee was like mud.

The intelligent waitress replied coo'y, "Whadya expect, huh, it was ground this morning."

—♦♦♦—

(Oooh, what corn!)

Miss Wheeler (to future member of the dramatic club)

Have you ever had any stage experience?

Bright applicant: I had my leg in a cast once.

—♦♦♦—

"I just found out that your uncle is an undertaker; I thought you told me he was a doctor."

"Nope, I just said he followed the medical profession."

—♦♦♦—

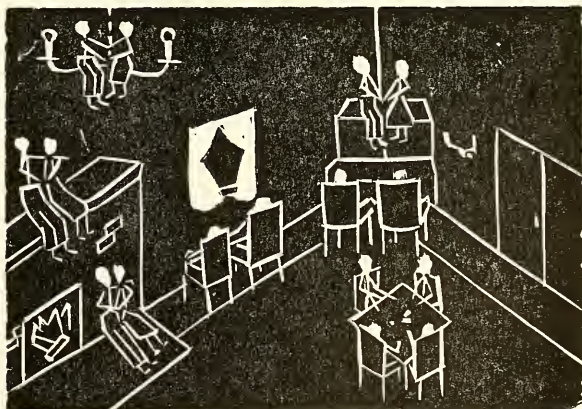
Waitress: How would you like your rice?

Candid S.T.C.: Thrown at me, preferably.

—♦♦♦—

He: Incidentally, know what a hug is?

She: A roundabout way of expressing affection.



There's always room for more in Junior Parlor!

BOOKS . . .

CHRIST STOPPED AT EBOLI

FARRAR AND STRAUS \$3.00

(Translated from the Italian by FRANCES FRENAYE)
CARLO LEVI

LEVI'S title, *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, though somewhat misleading to the prospective reader, really sums up perfectly the fatalism of a people doomed to live a life scarcely worth living. These people, peasants of the remote Italian village of Gagliano, believing themselves overlooked by Christ himself, say that Christ turned back at the town of Eboli and never reached their all but inaccessible community.

The book, *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, defies classification. It has been defined as "an expanded diary", but it is more than that. In it we find none of the insipidity of an expanded diary; instead, we find the pathos of a drama that is universally human.

When anti-Fascist Carlo Levi was sent as a political prisoner to Gagliano, a village literally lost in the mountains of southern Italy, he discovered there a way of life which we moderns didn't believe could exist in the twentieth century. There he found an isolated and defeated people who had long ago ceased to hope for success in their struggle against the perpetual scourge of malaria, the barrenness of the land, and the narrow-mindedness of the Fascists which held them in subjugation. Ignorant and frustrated these people didn't even try to lift themselves from the mire of poverty and sickness which held them fast.

In simple and direct style Carlo Levi paints a convincing picture of these down-trodden, ignorant people with whom he has lived for a year.

We Americans are lucky to have the chance to read Frances Frenaye's fine English translation of *Christ Stopped at Eboli*—a book that may jolt many of us out of our well-fed complacency.

JACQUELINE EAGLE, '50

THE SOUTH: OLD AND NEW

FRANCIS BUTLER SIMKINS, *Alfred A. Knopf*,
New York.

DR FRANCIS BUTLER SIMKINS, a member of our faculty, has written an engaging history of the South. Authorities in the field of history have given high praise to this book.

The South: Old and New presents the characteristics of the territory between the Potomac and the Rio Grande which make it distinctively Southern, yet a part of a great nation, and it describes the contributions of the South to the development of the United States. The author explains in a clear and unprejudiced manner what has made the South different from the rest of the United States.

To explain these causes, Dr. Simkins traces the development of the South from the Missouri Compromise in 1820, when sectionalism first took root in the South, to the present date. He examines every aspect of the history of the Old South: the society with emphasis on the planter aristocracy and the relations between the races, the religion and the reaction to slavery, the education and the achievements in literature, and the political practices of the time. He analyzes the controversy which led to the Civil War as a clash of economic interests, and he gives a clear picture of this conflict and the problems arising during the period of Reconstruction. He then makes a contrast between social, economic, and moral conditions of the Old South with those of the New South. His explanation of these changes in the South and his examination of the effect of these changes make interesting reading not only to Southerners but to everyone interested in the nation as a nation, for it makes one understand how and why the present South is what it is.

MILDRED DAVIS, '48

I SHALL NOT SEE HIS LIKE AGAIN

Continued from page 3

Grow in grace and in knowledge

*Faith, hope, love, these three, and the greatest
of these is love—follow after love.*

In concluding his eulogy of a man who was universally loved, Mr. Grainger said, "If I were asked to put into a phrase what I consider the one thing that set Dr. Jarman above the common run of men—or even of college presidents— I think I should have to say it was his love of beauty. He could have made a great musician. The symmetry and fitness of the college plant with its calm, classic air which he built under great handicaps and restrictions shows he might have been a fine architect. The harmony of color and design in the finishing and decorations of the interior indicate an eye for color which might have made him a great painter When a great poem was set to suitable music such as Dudley Buck wrote for Sidney Lanier's

"Sunset", Dr. Jarman could sing it with such feeling as is rarely given to a man to put into words. The songs he loved best to sing are themselves poetry. But there was no showmanship or exhibitionism about Dr. Jarman. The beauty he sought expressed itself in a deep sense of the fitness of things physical. 'Look your prettiest', he often said to the girls. But to him there was a beauty in order, in punctuality, in duty well done, in goodness and truth and sincerity, a beauty of holiness and unselfish service, a beauty in tolerance and charity and love. He would have been amused at the idea of his quoting Browning, but I think Browning put into words what Dr. Jarman instinctively felt and unobtrusively made the guide of his life.

'Oh world as God has made it—
All is beauty;
And knowing this is love
And love is duty.'"

Premonition

Dear God, I shall not know another spring
With perfume-bearing zephyrs, azure skies,
And noiseless bursting into leaf and flower
All that which makes it here like Paradise.

Let me hold on to every single day,
As if I knew that it would be my last;
The precious gem of every passing hour
An opportunity. For winter's blast

Must come. And when the glorious summer wanes
And icy-fingered frost shall strip each tree,
Then Death shall strip the clay that now is me
Of mortal dross for immortality.

J. M. H.

MOVIES . . .

HENRY V, a film version of Shakespeare's play, comes as a welcome relief from the floods of near hits and misses out of Hollywood. Produced in war-time England, under restrictions and shortages unknown to us, *Henry V* is a wonderful example of what can be done in the way of a truly great artistic production on film. This, the most successful screen adaptation of Shakespeare ever made, is the work of Laurence Olivier who was producer and director, as well as principal player.

The play, based on historical chronicles, tells the story of the very young, very lively Prince Hal, who upon becoming king, presses his claim to the throne of France. It follows him with his 30,000 men, through the famous battle of Agincourt, to his impetuous wooing of the beautiful Princess Katherine.

For its unusual photographic sequences, costumes, and scenery alone *Henry V* is a masterpiece. Recorded in technicolor, it pictures all of the brilliant pagentry of the times. The field of Agincourt, covered with knights and horses in full battle armour, waving banners and shields of every color, swords flashing in the sun, is a sight no one should miss.

It may be a while before *Henry V* comes to Farmville, but when it does come, you owe it to yourself to take an afternoon off and see it. You will find it the most exciting movie experience you have ever had, and will learn painlessly several excellent lessons in English, speech, art, and history as well. See it two or three times if you can. I'm going to.

—Mary Rattray, '49

IN contrast to this very English film, *Henry V*, one of our new movies *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, though not typically American, could never have been made in any other country. Although set in the South-west, *Treasure* is far from being the usual "Western". The story of the adventures of three American men who go high in the Mexican Mountains in search of gold, is in itself unimportant. It is the subtle revelation of the characters of the three men and the not so subtle physical and mental changes which occur as they come under the influence of gold that makes *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* the best movie of the year, perhaps of many years. The men are played by Walter Huston, Tim Holt, and Humphrey Bogart. The last steps out of his usual "Bogey" role to play a more difficult part convincingly.

The unique novel behind the movie was written by one, B. Traven (author of *The Death Ship* and *Bridge in the Jungle*) who is widely read in Europe, and prefers to remain mysteriously incognito somewhere in Mexico, where he has lived for many years.

John Huston, (the son of Walter Huston, one of the stars of *Treasure*) is responsible for the skillful directing of the film, and with his insistence on straight good acting and simplicity, has produced a first rate film.

—Mary Rattray, '49

JALOUSIE

Continued from page 6

breaking street lights and Judge Forrest sent him to jail because he couldn't pay his fine. His mother doesn't even know it yet. She was at work when it happened. His dad is dead, and she works at night to keep up the family."

Scottie leaned forward, her chin in her hand.

"Maybe I can help," she said after a moment. She went to her car and an hour later they were driving Lucky home.

"But what came up to make you do it in the first place, Lucky?" asked Tommy.

"Oh, I don't know. We were just hanging around, and we got to talking about how easy it would be to break out those silly looking street lights. One thing led to another. You know how—"

"Why were you hanging around in the first place?" interrupted Scottie.

"Heck, what else is there to do? Everybody can't go to the "Scoop Center". And there's no where to go unless you have a pocketful of money. Mom does just swell to keep the house going and to keep me in school, but the fact that I don't have the money to spend doesn't keep me from wanting to—Oh heck, though, what's the difference?"

After taking Lucky home, Scottie drove the boys back to the "Scoop Center" but she scarcely seemed to hear a word they were saying. Her face wore a pre-occupied frown. That afternoon Scottie's green convertible was seen in various places about Cedar Rapids.

The following Saturday night, Scottie opened the doors of her big house on Columbia Avenue to the members of the junior and senior classes of Cedar Rapids High.

"I suppose all of you are wondering why I invited all of you at one time. As most of us know, one of our friends was arrested for a minor offense last Friday night. When I talked to him, he said that he had nothing to do. After a little investigation, I found out that this is not the first case of this kind here in Cedar Rapids. It seems to me that the young people—the teen-agers—have no place where they can get together to dance, have soft drinks, and just talk. They have nothing to do for

entertainment. The grown-ups here haven't done anything about this; so it looks as if it's up to us. Besides this house, my father owns a small cottage on the edge of town. At the present, the cottage is unoccupied. It is doing nobody any good. If all of you are willing to help, we can convert this cottage into a canteen for the high school crowd here in Cedar Rapids. Wait. Let me finish. It'll be hard work, but I think if we are really willing to get down to it and work, we can turn that house into a canteen that will provide entertainment for us all. Let's show the grown-ups what we can do. I know they will be willing to help. I have done a little thinking, and I believe that if we get to work we can have the canteen ready to open on the night school closes. Are you with me?"

The room thundered with applause. Everyone wanted to help. Lucky and the trio were the last ones to leave. Lucky smiled down at Scottie.

"I think you have a grand idea, Scottie. Maybe if I had something to do the other night, I would have stayed out of trouble and not caused Mom so much worry."

"If we can help, just tell us what to do," said Randy.

"Thanks, I know I can count on all of you. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Scottie."

For the next few weeks the high school crowd worked together as a team on the project. Just as Scottie had prophesied, the grown-ups of Cedar Rapids rushed to help when they saw what was going on. Each person tried to outdo the other, it seemed. The work on the canteen was moving smoothly and rapidly.

It was nearly eight o'clock one evening, and Scottie and Randy were just leaving the cottage after checking up on the work done on the snack bar.

"If you're tired, I'll drive you home, Scottie."

"Thanks, Randy. I am rather tired."

"Say, Scottie, let's drive down by the river. I think that it's pretty down there this time of night. The view there might

Please turn page

refresh you."

"Oh yes, let's do."

"Oh, Randy, stop for just a minute. It's so peaceful down here."

At a little place on the edge of the water Randy led her down a pathway to a huge old willow tree that overhung the water's edge.

"I like to come down here once in a while and just sit and think," he said. "I guess that would sound silly to some people, but I like it."

"Of course that isn't silly. All of us have to sort of rebuild our minds every once in a while. This is the nicest sort of place to come when you want to find a little peace and quiet!"

"You know you're the only person that I know who understands. I guess that you're about the nicest person that I have met in a long time, anyway."

Scottie smiled. "Thanks. That's the nicest compliment anyone has paid me in a long while."

"Well I guess we'd better be going if you're going to help Peg with her geometry, Scottie."

"Yes, I suppose so."

A few minutes later they pulled up in front of Scottie's home.

"If you're going to see Eddie about those posters, Randy, you'd better take the car. Just come by for me about eight-thirty in the morning."

"Thanks. That will save me a lot of trouble. See you in the morning."

"Goodnight".

Yesterday school session ended. The seniors of Cedar Rapids High had graduated the night before. For this reason the opening of the canteen had been postponed. But tonight was the big night! The canteen would open at eight o'clock. Everyone was buzzing with excitement. The curtains of the stage were tightly drawn. The air was filled with the gay talk of the teen-agers of Cedar Rapids. A roll of drums sounded. As if by magic, all eyes turned toward the stage. Suddenly Lucky Dean stepped out from behind the stage curtains.

"Scottie has a big surprise for you tonight. But without further talking. I

introduce Nick Lacy, who with his band, will provide your entertainment for tonight."

As the curtains slowly opened, the room reared with applause. Nick Lacy stepped to the microphone and held up his hands for silence.

"I wish to say for myself and for the members of the band that we are glad to be able to play for such a fine group of young people. I hope you will enjoy our program. Now I wish to present to you our vocalist for tonight, who will sing to you her version of *Old Buttermilk Skies*, Miss Scottie Jordan."

Scottie came from the left wing of the stage amid a swelling thunder of applause.

When intermission came, Scottie was swamped by her admiring audience.

"You've been holding out on us. Why didn't you tell us you could sing?"

"This is really wonderful."

"How did you manage to get a high class guy like Nick Lacy to come here?"

It was after midnight when Scottie and Randy began the homeward trip.

"From the looks of the crowd tonight, Randy, our canteen is going to be a success."

"Yes it does. They certainly went wild when you started singing. And if a mere male may say so, you were really good."

"Thanks, Randy. Nick told me that with a little training I might be able to get with some band. I think that I might like that, and I do love to sing."

"What I, and everyone else, am dying to know is how on earth you ever got Nick Lacy to come. He and his band are one of the tops in the country."

"Well, Nick and I are old friends. My brother used to be in Nick's band before he went into the Navy, and several times when Dawn Maureen, the regular vocalist, was sick or something, I'd substitute for her. Nick was always nice to me. When I asked him about tonight, he happened to have a free night, so he agreed to come. And he won't take a thing for it!"

On arriving at the Jordan household, Randy cut the motor off, and for a moment he and Scottie sat in silence. Randy shyly reached for Scottie's hand.

JALOUSIE

"Scottie, I don't know exactly how to say it, but I think you are wonderful. I don't know much about girls, but you are the swellest one I've ever met."

"I think you are sort of extra special yourself, Randy."

One afternoon about two weeks later, as Randy was walking by Scottie's house, a taxi passed him and drew up in front of the house. A tall dark-haired sailor stepped out and paid his fare. He knocked on the door, and Scottie answered the knock. He swept her into his arms.

"Paul, darling. It's so good to see you. But why do you always surprise me like this?"

"I love to surprise the sweetest little—"

The rest of his words were lost to Randy, who turned on his heel and strode rapidly down the street.

Randy lay on the sofa thinking.

"I should have known that she'd be just like all the rest. Nobody could be as sweet as she —"

The shrill jangle of the telephone brought him back to his surroundings. On answering it, the sound of Scottie's low vibrant voice caused his pulse to leap, but her words caused a scowl to cloud his handsome face.

"Randy, I'm so sorry, but I can't go with you to the canteen tonight. I know that you will understand, you see my —"

"Sure I understand. That's quite all right," interrupted Randy, and hung up. He turned and walked out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

It was early morning several days later, and Randy stood in the doorway of his home. Looking up he saw Scottie's green convertible coming down the street. The sailor was at the wheel, and Scottie was leaning over holding a match for his cigarette. Before they could see him, Randy whirled back into the house and slammed the door so hard that the hinges rattled.

In a few minutes Scottie was walking into the "Scoop Center". Bill Jackson and Tommy Drummond sat in one of the booths.

"Hello, fellows, have you seen Randy?"

"No, Scottie. Why?"

"Well, when you do see him, tell him that I want to see him about the ice for the dance at the canteen Friday night. He was supposed to let me know whether Mr. Martin would let the canteen have it or not. I'm in a hurry, but I'll see you later. Good-bye for the moment!"

"So long"

"See you later."

As Scottie hurried out, Tommy turned to Bill, "Just what do you make of that? Wonder why she didn't tell Randy herself. Gosh, I thought that he practically lived at her place now."

"I don't know, unless Randy's jealous of her. I saw her with a sailor the other day, and he has been acting funny as heck ever since."

"Can it be that Mr. Sheridan isn't quite the woman hater that he pretends to be?"

It was nearly nine o'clock that night when Randy arrived at the Jordan home. Acute pangs of jealousy and anger shot through him when he saw Scottie. Tak-



HAPPY EASTER!

ing a firm hand on his feelings, Randy was quite polite but extremely cool. Being used to his usual friendly manner, Scottie was completely baffled. Randy quickly completed his business and was just preparing to leave when the front door burst open and the dark-haired sailor caught Scottie in his arms.

"The answer is yes, honey. I'm the happiest guy in the whole world. Just think what this will mean."

"Oh Paul, darling, I think that's just wonderful. I'm so glad." Randy stood where he was for a second; then he opened the door and said, "I don't suppose that we will be able to keep our date for the canteen dance tomorrow night. So long."

The door slammed and he was gone, leaving an amazed Scottie staring after him.

Scottie stood before her mirror making a last minute check up before going downstairs.

"Oh, what's the use," she said as she surveyed herself, "I haven't even got a date tonight."

The girl in the mirror stared gloomily back at her until a maid stepped to the door and announced, "Mr. Paul and that lady are waiting for you, Miss Scottie."

"Thank you, Della. I'm going down now."

"I knows you is going to make a hit to-night, Miss. Them pearls in your hair sho' do look pretty."

Scottie smiled a little sadly.

"I hope I'll make a hit, Della. Good-night."

It was after ten o'clock when Scottie, who had been watching all evening, saw Randy come into the back of the dance floor. Excusing herself she started over to the doorway where he was standing. He looked up and on seeing her, turned and went out the door. Determined to get to the bottom of Randy's strange behavior, Scottie followed. He stood on the porch staring out into the moonlit night.

"Randy, I wish you would tell me what's wrong. You've acted so strange lately! Won't you tell me what I've done."

Randy turned and in a low harsh voice he said, "Don't pull that sweet and innocent line on me. I don't know much about girls, but I do know enough to know when someone is trying to make a fool of me. I should think that you would know what's wrong without asking."

"Oh," said Scottie, trying hard to withhold the tears of hurt and anger which sprang to her eyes. Then she turned and went back inside.

While she was in the powder room applying cold water to her reddened eyes, Scottie did some thinking and suddenly a revelation came to her. Quickly powdering her nose, she went back to the dance floor and clapped her hands. "I have an announcement to make," she cried, "that is really important. Everybody must hear it. Bill, will you do me a favor? Randy is outside on the porch. Get him in here, even if you have to drag him in."

"Sure I'll get him in here for you, Scottie."

"Oh, don't tell him that I want him to come in, but do bring him in."

"Tonight I have a very important announcement. Of course all of you have heard of Dawn Maureen, and some of you have heard of my brother, Paul Jordan. Well, as you all know, the stirrings of romance cannot be resisted. So, by way of announcing their engagement, Paul and Dawn have presented the club with a present of five hundred dollars. They are here at the canteen tonight. Let's show them how grateful we are by giving them a big hand. Paul, will you and Dawn stand up and take a bow?"

The boys and girls went wild with cheers and applause. Not strange to say, it was Randy Sheridan who was the first to make his way to Paul and congratulate him. Then Randy ran across the room to Scottie.

"I see it all now. I guess I have really made a fool of myself without any help from anybody, but I'm hoping that you will forgive me this time."

"I'll consider it," replied Scottie, smiling a little, as she clasped Randy's outstretched hand.

Continued from page 9

tioned for what seemed at least an hour, I was finally told to return to my work.

Fortunately, I was able to obtain as my counsel one of the officers who could see the plight of the accused. The remainder of the day passed, I should say crept on, for it seemed at least twice its normal length.

At 1600, I was again ordered into the Legal Officer's office, but this time to report to the officer who was acting as my counsel. He informed me that he had had a lengthy talk with the Commander and that all had been forgiven. He further stated that the Commander had been put in a very jovial mood, because his orders had just arrived from the Bureau, and he had been ordered to go to sea.

I could hardly believe my ears. Needless to say, I had learned a lesson I shall never forget. Believe it or not, I had also gained something akin to prestige from my accident. From that time on, I was pointed out as the only man in the Navy who had ever thrown a cup of steaming coffee in a Commander's face and got away with it.

When I was a farmer I bought two rabbits. At the end of two years I still had two rabbits. How was I to know they were brothers?

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VIRGINIA



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Forget the principle of the thing—that is money! That's right—legal tender . . . in folding quantities . . . as high as fifteen bucks—that's what Pepsi-Cola Company pays for gags and such-like you send in and we print. Procedure? Simple—send your stuff, marked with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the

property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

Will getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag hurt its chances? Don't be naive, chums. We like it. So, if you should wind up with a rejection slip clutched in your hot little fist, that won't be the reason. Well, don't just sit there! Pick up that pencil—get your stuff started now. There's Easy Money waiting!

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Here's the gag that won a M. M. (Master Moron) degree—and a fast two bucks—for Ben Orloff, of Univ. of North Carolina, in the November contest:

Our minor-league moron, Mortimer, caused considerable furor in local circles by entering one of our better bistros and calling for a Pepsi-Cola. When served, he proceeded to plug it down with not one, but six, straws. Questioned as to his motives, Mortimer carefully removed all six straws from his mouth and replied with considerable hauteur: "So I can drink six times as much Pepsi, natch!"

Earle S. Schlegel of Lehigh Univ. also came up with two bucks for his moron gag. Why don't you get on the gravy train? Two bucks each for every moron joke we buy.

HE-SHE GAGS

Put one and one together—and you get a He-She gag. Three bucks each to Duane O. McDowell of So. Dakota State College; Albert M. Dredge of Duquesne Univ.; Emmett Cormody of Manhattan College; and Alfred Shapiro of New York Univ., respectively, for these specimens:

She: And what position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

She: Why don't you park the car by this sign?

He: You're not allowed to park here.

She: Don't be silly. The sign says "Fine for Parking!"

He: Your eyes sparkle like Pepsi-Cola.

She: Tell me more. I drink it up.

She Scot: Sandy, 'tis a sad loss you've had in the death of your wife.

He Scot: Aye, 'tis that. 'Twas just a week ago the doctor told her to dilute her medicine in Pepsi-Cola, and she hadna' time to take but half the bottle.

Current quotation on these is \$3 each for any we buy. Sure, but everything's over-priced these days.

— DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

We're not just sure who's daffy—but we sent one frog apiece to Don McCauley, Baylor Univ.; Edward Whitaker, Boston Univ.; Joy Durall, Univ. of Chicago; Charles R. Meissner, Jr., Lehigh Univ.; and James O. Snider, Baylor Univ., for these gems:

Lipstick—something which adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Controversy—one Pepsi—two people.

Worm—a caterpillar with a shave.

Rival—the guy who gives your girl a Pepsi.

Steam—water gone crazy over the heat.

So we're subsidizing lunacy. Okay—but it's still a buck apiece for any of these we buy.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



TONY HEWITSON

Ever play "pin the tail on the donkey?" Well, this is pretty much the same idea—and never mind the obvious cracks. \$5 each for the best captions. Or send in your own idea for a cartoon. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here's how we split the take for cartoon drawings, ideas and captions in the November contest: \$15 each to Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif. and Herbert John Brammeier, Jr. of St. Louis Univ.; \$10 to H. Dick Clarke of Univ. of Oklahoma; and \$5 each to Virgil Daniel of George Washington Univ., Frances Charlton of William and Mary College, and Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis Univ.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

ALL THESE STARS APPEAR
IN DAVID O. SELZNICK'S PRODUCTION
"THE PARADINE CASE"
DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK

CHARLES
COBURN

ANN
TODD

ETHEL
BARRYMORE

LOUIS
JOURDAN

GREGORY
PECK

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B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

THE RIGHT COMBINATION...
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

ALWAYS BUY

CHESTERFIELD